

everything stays by magichistorian

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Summary:

In one of Bill's books, there is a character with curly hair and a love for birds.

Bill cannot remember who his inspiration is; he feels like an old friend, but one Bill cannot remember at all.

When he gets a call from Derry, he finally remembers.

everything stays

Author's Note:

Inspired by [this](#) post by ksbraks!

Tucked on a shelf of Bill's books, buried under many other drafts of books in varying levels of completion, is one particular draft. The others are, as apparent by the vast difference in the sheer number of pages and amount of red ink marks, in the stages of editing. This draft is not. Unlike Bill's other books, it has never been read by anybody. Not even by his wife, who reads everything, before anybody else. It's what he does, always.

But, for an unexplainable reason, Bill cannot bring himself to bring it out in the light of day. He works on it when he has the chance. It isn't often, due to his tight schedule. With filming, writing his other books, and not leaving his wife in the dust, there is little time left for Bill Denbrough. He has made it work though, by contributing his late nights and bringing a notepad along any time he may be stuck waiting. At the dentist, perhaps, or even the grocery store if he thinks the lines will be bad enough.

Words are generally easy enough to find. He has rough days, most certainly. But usually, he is quite good at wrangling in the words. This book, however, is something completely different. With it the words come right to him, like hungry chickens to handfuls of scratch. He will write and write until he falls asleep at his desk, or until the dentist has called his name four times.

It is a book about a young man.

He has curly hair that glows in the sun, and spends his afternoons watching birds. When he prays, his words are in Hebrew. His house is perfectly clean, and can't stand messes. He lives alone, because Bill cannot imagine him being married.

(Some small part of Bill thinks perhaps he is in love with the man. But he ignores it, because the thought is stupid. He is a married man,

and this man is a character from a book.)

He has no name, because any name Bill thinks up for him sounds wrong. Albert, and Jerry, and Steven and Georgie. Nothing sounds right.

His story also lacks an ending. This is not for lack of trying, however. Bill has typed and deleted and typed again and deleted again so many times, the letters on his backspace key are starting to rub away. No matter what he tries, it never works. His story just will not end.

This man feels so real, like he is someone Bill knows and is simply copying to paper. He has tried to remember, but he doesn't know who he is. He is so wonderful and real that Bill can't imagine he could ever forget him. He feels like a best friend that he had always known, even if he has no memory of ever meeting him.

He has just about given up on ending his story, and the traces of dust on the top page is evidence of that.

Then, one day, he gets a phone call.

An old friend, from Derry.

He doesn't understand at first. He doesn't know this number, this name, this relationship they supposedly have.

Except then, in a heartbeat, he does remember. He remembers many things, too many things, all at once:

"I g-got you a Ha-hanukkah present", Bill says, thirteen years old, awkwardly presenting a wrapped gift. He doesn't really know how to wrap gifts, so it ended up a little messy. Stan clearly notices it, but doesn't say anything. Bill doesn't miss his eyes occasionally flitting to the box, his

brain stressing about the uneven folds and crinkled corners.

"Thank you, Bill." He smiled. The sight of that made Bill's chest all warm. "You could just call it a Christmas present, though. Christmas is celebrated secularly nowadays, so it wouldn't."

Bill doesn't let him finish. "It-it's a Hanukkah present because it's fuh-for you."

He doesn't think Stan eats it, but it doesn't really matter. He wants something to be for Stan, not something Stan can have if he makes it work, but something just for Stan that is perfect for him. The gift itself isn't much, just a puzzle with birds on it he saw at the store the other day, but he knows Stan will love it. He loves anything with birds.

(And anything from Bill, but Bill doesn't know that part.)

He spends the night at Stan's house, and they make the puzzle. He doesn't think it's all that exciting, but every time Stan finds a piece to finish one of the birds, he immediately smiles at Bill with that beautiful smile of his. So Bill doesn't really mind it at all. He makes sure Stan gets to finish, and he can't help but linger just a bit longer when their hands meet in a high-five.

When they eat dinner, Bill keeps touching Stan's foot, and pretending it's an accident. Stan stops believing him after the second time, but he clearly thinks it's a joke, so Bill keeps doing it. It makes him laugh, after all.

"A-are y-you sure?" Bill stammers out, his stutter worse than it has been in ages. He is sixteen, and sitting on Stan's bed. Stan's there too, cross-legged and leaning against the headboard.

Stan nods. They have been dancing around each other for a week, all leading up to them, sitting together in the dark, one night when Stan's parents aren't home. They don't know, and Bill is sure Stan wants it to stay that way. At least for a while.

Bill leans forward, slowly, so slowly. He reaches out and places one hand to Stan's chest. They both shiver, and Stan freezes like he has forgotten how to breathe.

The dark room hides their expressions, but Stan's eyes are bright and refuse to break contact with him. Bill waits, just a few seconds. Whether to build tension or to give him a chance to back out, he isn't sure, but it feels right.

He moves a little closer, and gently presses their lips together. Stan closes his eyes the second they touch, but doesn't pull away. When Bill puts his hand up to Stan's chest, he feels his heart racing under the warm skin.

Bill brushes his fingertips against Stan's stomach, as lightly as a feather. It still makes him jump though, and Stan immediately pulls him back into another kiss.

They don't go much farther than that night, but they fall asleep in each other's arms, too content to waver on what-ifs and maybes.

Bill is eighteen, and watching Stan drive away. They promised before he left that they would keep in touch, and they do.

Bill moves away as well not long after, and that is the start of their communication's decline. Within a year, they have stopped completely.

He comes back to Derry with little hesitation, even though something churning in his stomach is warning him, telling him to stay away. He wants to see Stan.

He wants to apologize for forgetting him.

Stan doesn't come to dinner, though. He moves to the back of his mind for a little while, with the excitement of reuniting with his

other precious friends and the terror of It being back and everything else.

Except then one of them mentions Stan, and they call his wife (he has a wife? he's married?) and then he hears, and Stan is gone.

He killed himself. Took himself off the board.

He returns home to Audra a few days later, despondent and heartbroken. He does know what to tell her, can't say why.

He told her about It, one night. She doesn't understand, can't understand, but she chalks his depression up to the loss of Eddie. It is, somewhat, but he can't get Stan out of his head. He can't tell her that he is heartbroken because he lost the love of his life, who he is still, despite the shame he feels for betraying Audra, in love with.

He keeps Stan's letter in his bedside table drawer.

If one good thing came of the last few weeks, it's this: he has started work on his book again. The protagonist's name is Stan, he now knows.

He considers killing him, but eventually decides against it. Stan deserves a happy end, even if this is the best he can get.

So Bill gives him the happiest ending he can.

Stan grows old with sunny mornings and walking parks and everything else he Bill can possibly think of. He never falls in love. Maybe that is just Bill being selfish, but it is his book to write.

Unlike the rest of his books, he gives it first to the Losers to read. When he asks tentatively about the ending, they all agree: it's the best ending he had ever written.

Author's Note:

Hey guys! I just made a [writing tumblr](#)
and if anybody is interested in following for more
writing, or putting in a fic request, I would love to
see you there! :D